The Times-Dispatch

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TUESDAY, JULY 14, 1903.

Persons leaving the city for the sum ner should order The Times-Dispate mailed to them. Price, 50 cents per month.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN.

In speaking of the platform adopted by the Iowa Democratic Convention ignoring the national platform of 1900, Mr Bryan says that it was the work of "corporation Democrats," and must not go unrebuked. He declares that "the fight for the reaffirmation of the last national platform and the building of a new platform in line with it is on and must continue until a complete

It seems absurd that any sensible man could now talk of reviving the free silver issue in the campaign next year, yet there is method in Mr. Bryan's course, for he undoubtedly has hopes of fighting the campaign of 1896 over again. We do not believe that the free silver issue will be revived, but it is not at all impossible that the money question will cut a very important figure in the next national campaign. We have been enjoying a season of unprecedented prosperity under the gold standard, in spite of Mr. Bryan's predictions of disaster, but business has grown so enormously that we need a greater volume of currency, and the present system is not able to supply it. The Republicans have been in power for several years; they have had the opportunity of seeing the needs of the financial world, but they have done litthe or nothing to give what is so much needed-an elastic currency. All sorts of makeshifts have been adopted and temporary relief has been afforded time and again by the Secretary of the Treasury, but no permanent relief has been given, and, as Major James H. Dooley showed in his article in the last issue of The Times-Dispatch, it is in the power of a few men largely to control the money supply. The country is far richer than ever before. We have bankable assets enough to give us all the cur-rency that is needed, even under the present enormous demand, but the government allows only national banks to issue currency, and even in the case of the national banks the restrictions are

such as to curtail the supply. The general business of the country is already beginning to feel the need of more currency, and there are indications, at least, that hard times are com ing again. The New York stock market, which is a sort of barometer of trade, has already sounded the warning. Prices of stocks had been going down, down, down for months, until yesterday, in many instances, they reached the lowest decline in twelve months. In referring to this decline, "Cuthbert Mills," a financial writer in the New York Tribune, says:

This decline, "Cuthbert Mills," a financial writer in the New York Tribune, says;

"The explanation would seem to be that the money market has given the stock market warning, and the latter is adjusting itself to the conditions as to which the warning is given. When a long period of expansion, industrial, commercial and financial, reaches the point where loanable funds become scarce, it is the invariable sign that the conversion of floating capital into fixed has reached its limit; expansion can go no farther. There is no more room for new enterprises, because loanable funds to finance them are no longer to be had; or, if had at all, only at prohibitive rates of interest. Then the cry is heard that we have not money enough to do the business of the country.

"This complaint is heard now. Nevertheless we have the money of all the world to draw upon. The loanable funds of every civilized country are just as much ours for this purpose as are those in our own banks. And, as a matter of fact, we do draw upon them, and have drawn upon them up to the limit. When the big boom started, it was kept going not alone by loans or investments of home capitalists, but by streams of money from Europe. When at last all reserves are drawn down to danger point, no more are to be had. The more timid or the more prudent investments; and the stock market, being the most sensitive point, feels the process of contraction first.

"The condition of affairs the stock mar-

tion first.
"The condition of affairs the stock mar-ket is discounting, and has already made large progress in that line. The com-mercial community will get its dose

Coming finally to the point, if between this and the next Presidential election we should have a money panic; if there should be heavy fallures; if manufacturing concerns should shut down, throw, ing vast numbers of men out of . ployment; if a period of hard times should return, similar to that of 1896. Mr. Bryan and his followers would again be in clover, and the money question would undoubtedly be the paramount issue. Mr. Bryan is a shrewd politician, and we feel confident that he has some

A CONTRAST.

In the July number of Scribner's Mas azine, General John B. Gordon has an article on Gettysburg in which he de scribes his entrance into the enemy's country. He gives a glowing description of the Valley of Pennsylvania, through his command marched, and says that it was delightful to look upon such a scene of universal thrift and plenty, "Its broad grain fields, clad in golden garb," he goes on, "were waving their welcome to the reapers and binders. Some fields were already dotted over with harvested shocks. On every side, as far as our alert vision could reach, all aspects and conditions conspired to make this fertile and carefully tilled region a panorama both interest-

ing and enchanting." There weer temptations on every hand to his hungry army, yet all the wealth of this region was absolutely safe from the Confederate invasion. Acting under orders from General Lee, General Gordon gave the people assurance that both private property and non-combatants were safe; that the spirit of wengeance and rapine had no place in the bosoms of his knightly men, and closed by pledg ing to the people the head of any soldier under his command who destroyed private property, disturbed the repose of a single home, or insulted a woman.

This article appears in a northern magazine and will be read by many northern people. It ought to make them hang their heads in shame. What a contrast between the conduct of these Confederates in the Valley of Pennsylvania and the conduct of the Union forces in the Valley of Virginial The Valley of Virginia before the northern raids was not unlike the Valley of Pennsylvania. The Confederate troops passed through the Valley of Pennsylvania and left it as prosperous as they found it, yet it was the boast of the northern general who raided the Virginia Valley that he destroyed houses and crops and everything as he went, leaving not a crow's ration in his way.

But the Valley of Virginia was not the only section to suffer. Whithersoever the northern troops went they left desolation behind them. Indeed, special parties of raiders and marauders were made up to steal and destroy, and whenever it was heard that they were coming there was consternation. Everything of walue was hidden away and women in terror fied to places of safety lest they, too, should become the victims of the de-

It is the remembrance of these things and of the worse suffering which befell in the days of reconstruction, that keeps the old Confederates from feeling glad that the Confederate cause was lost.

MYSTERIES AT OYSTER BAY. There has been an assembling of promiinent politicians and party managers of the Republican stripe at Oyster Bay during the past week. First there was Mr. Hanna, and as it is well known that the relations between the Ohio statesman and strained of late, there has been much curiosity to learn the occasion for the hurried visit of the former to the latter, and the results of said visit, but the newspaper correspondents seem to have failed are reports to the effect that the real object of the calling of Mr. Hanna to Oyster Bay was to get him, if possible, to consent to hold on to the chairmanship of the party, and there is a further report that he did consent, but this has been

contradicted. As soon as Mr. Hanna left, a large dele gation of western politicians arrived at the President's home and "broke bread" with him. All that can be learned by the correspondents is that they offered Mr. | in a single-head train."

Then came the most significant wisit of all. Ex-Governor Murray Crane, of Massachusetts, reached Oyster Bay on Thursday night by special invitation, and President. It leaked out through the correspondents that the ex-Governor's invitation was due in a large measure to his well known reputation for making no blunders in public and political affairs. either in his own action or in giving advice to others.

The trained eye of the politician, as well sees in all this a sign that the President has came to realize the fact that he has of late been a trifle too strenuous for his own good, and that he is beginning to find out that while his brand of strenuousness may be all right for a bronco buster, and just the very thing for a rough rider, it may not be altogether to the advantage of a candidate for the high office of President of the United States.

It is quite evident, on the whole, that the party managers have been asking the President to go a little slower along some lines, and he has at last condescended to listen to advice. Some of his most ardent admirers are prepared to admit that the President is sadly in need of some such counsellor as ex-Governo

ROOSEVELT'S EXAMPLE.

A special to The Times-Dispatch from Washington says that Randall T. Sulli van, a negro elevator conductor at the Geological Survey building, has been suspended for writing a note to a white woman who is employed in the building In his note to the young woman he asked for her address and stated that he "had something on his mind which he wished to communicate." When taken to task he said that he could not be suspended for writing a note, "such as any gentleman might write to a lady." We are further informed that the affair has created the most interse indignation in the department.

What does President Roosevelt think tury Company, of this interesting incident? How can be permit this negro to be suspended "for writing a note to a white woman, such with us, and the Charleston suckers are as any gentleman might write to a lady." | also walking. A street car strike opened If the negro can prove that he is a gen. up business Saturday. tleman, and that he was entirely respectful and courteous in addressing this note, rest, so he said, but he is putting in sev-

how can President Roosevelt permit him to be punished? President Roosevelt invited a negro to his house and invited him to take a meal and to sit at the table with him and the members of his family. He held, so we are informed. the negro in question was a gentleman, and entirely worthy to sit at the table with the President or anybody else. In other words, Mr. Roosevelt took the ground that the man was to be judged by his character, and that there should be no discrimination against him on account of his race or color or previous condition of servitude. To be entirely consistent the President cannot allow negro employes of government to be disciplined for taking special liberties which would not be condemned in a white man.

THE SHIP OF TOBACCO.

Among the features of the St. Louis Exposition will be a ship sailing in a golden sea of leaf tobacco-the ship, sails and ropes to be of other shades.

This ship will represent the return to England from South America of Sir Walter Raleigh with the first cargo of to

This tobacco display will be one of the important exhibits in the Palace of Agriculture. It will occupy a space of 300 feet long and 52 feet wide. Tobacco will be shown in every form, beginning with seed beds and followed by growing plants curing barns, storage warehouses, facto ries where the leaf is manufactured, etc.

There will also be an exhibit, including the manufacture of cigarettes by hand, the operatives being particularly

It appears that there are twenty States engaged in tobacco culture. Kentucky leads with her 257,755,000 pounds annually North Carolina comes next, with 142,520 000 pounds; then Virginia, with 136,769,000. pounds; West Virginia produces 2,969,260; South Carolina, 25,625,408; Tennessee, 38, 889,500; Ohio, 65,709,863; Wisconsin, 64, 885,480, etc.

The total acreage of tobacco in the United States last year-as we learn from the Year Book of the Pnited States Department of Agriculture-was 1,030,734, while the yield per acre was 797 3-10 pounds. and the total production, 821 823,963. The price per pound, averaged 7 cents, and the total value of the crop was \$57,563,510.

Florida tobacco averaged 30 cents per pound; Alabama, 24; Louisiana, 20; Texas, 22; Georgia, 19; Mississippi, 18; New Hampshire and Connecticut each, 16; Masachusetts, 15; Kentucky, 6; Virginia, 7; North Carolina, 7.

The high priced leaf was generally raised in small quantities, and was for cigars. Louisiana had only 89 acres in tobacco in 1902 Connecticut, however, realized \$3,485,632 for her crop. Virginia realized \$9,573,848; North Carolina, \$9,976,-466; Tennessee, \$2,333,370; Kentucky, \$15,-465,312; Ohio, \$3,899,691; Wisconsin, \$4,541,-

Mr. George J. Gould, while on a visit to Pittsburg a day or two ago, made the positive statement that the Wabash sys tem certainly would be pushed through o tidewater, supposably to Baltimore With respect to the financial situation he said he could not agree with those who believe the country has reached its zenith of prosperity, and that the fiscal year just ended marks the highest tide

"There is," said he, "much work to be done, and it is only by traveling over the land that the enormous bundertakings which, together with the smaller ones that must necessarily be overlooked, impress one with the magnitude of the con-

One good feature of his road to the tidewater, Mr. Gould thinks, will be its lack of dangerous or even high grades. None will be so great as to prevent the hauling of seventy or seventy-five cars

The negroes of Indianapolis have formed an organization known as "The Negroes' Business League" to rid the city of what the better element of the race calls "the Jim Crow negro. This is a sensible move. Worthy ne

groes must defend themselves against unworthy ones, or else be classed with them. They cannot afford to be neutral or inactive. They must show their abhorrence of crime and help to stamp it out. Heaven speed the day when the rep-

for all Saints' Church at Biltmore, N. C. a handsome stained glass window in memory of his friend and companion Paul Leicester Ford, who was shot by his brother, J. Malcolm Ford. The subject is the entombment of Christ. The Saviour's body, supported in a sheet, is being borne into the tomb by the apostles two of whom, St. Peter and St. John, appear in the foreground. The Virgin with clasped hands, kneels on the ground at the head of the figure of the Lord, and behind her stands Mary Magdalen.

The Governor of Texas, as authorized to do by the Legislature, has offered reward of \$50,000 to any person or person who shall discover a process or method for destroying the boll weevil in Texas But it is explained that the weevil is doing no great harm to the crop this year.

Any rich man who lives ninety-three years and thus prevents an expected division of his cash among beirs, is un doubtedly insane, and General Clay ought to have known that without calling in a commission de lunatico inquirendo.

Base-ball statisticians figure out that the largest base-ball attendance the country has ever seen was at the New York Club on June 27th, when 32,240 persons passed the turn-stiles.

"The Training of Wild Animals" is the title of a book of 256 pages, written by Frank Bostock and published by the Cen-

The capital of West Virginia is right

The President went to Gyster Bay to

eral hours a day discussing politics with all sorts of pilgrims.

General Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, is ninety-three years of age, same age as the Pope, and too old to be foolish about pretty girls.

Ex-Governor Pattison shows some feeling in urging "turn the rascals out" as a sufficient platform. The Pennsylvania rascals turned bim out once.

The Hon. Harry Maynard's suggestio for a kind of wholesale congressional junketing expedition to the Jimtown waters is simply stupendous.

Sir Thomas Lipton is not the first man to find the cup-lifting business to be very expensive. The up-country editors will have

chance to get right in the swim this week. The Norfolk real estate men want a big Jimtown Expo all right-at some

body else's expense A few more days like yesterday and the Galveston may be launched in Main

An army of mosquitoes accompanies the school teachers to Boston, and found several brigades already there

Whatever else may be said about him your Uncle Mark Hanna is not in the etiring business.

"Ill health" will surely drive Postmaser-General Payne to the woods

Anyhow, we had a good day's rest from the "Is it hot enough for you" man.

Half Hour With Virginia Editors.

The Suffolk Herald has this to say about

What the party needs is a conserva-tive, live platform, standing for all the fundamental principles of Democracy and for an economical administration of our national government, with a man of ac-knowledged ability and national reputa-tion as the candidate.

The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot thinks the

It says:

We may be mistaken, but it is our opinion that in either Delaware or Indiana the Democrats can draw the race line and win more white votes by doing it than there are negro voters in either State. We believe that the Democrats may safely welcome in a number of Northern States the issue Mr. Rooseveit has raised by his negro appointments and his social equality propaganda. So far as we can judge the Northern white man has the same pride of race as the Southern white man, and with the passing of sickly sentimentality it is beginning to assert itself in no uncertain manner.

The Chase City Progress thinks South is competent to settle the race problem. It says:

problem. It says:

She is abundantly able to cope with the race problem. The Southern people know how to show the colored man the measure of respect that is due him and the colored man in turn respects, loves and reverences his white brother, and consequently such clashes as that disgraceful affair at Evansville are practically unknown.

The Shenandoah Valley has been reading up, and says:

up, and says:

We have read the editorials of a number of Northern journals ament the Delaware lynching and we see no difference from what Southern papers usually say in regard to similar things. It is notable that race prejudice crops out in all of them. Blood will tell.

The Henry county Bulletin is up in

rims, so to speak: Hear it:
We peremptorily demand an immediate eduction of representation in Congress from the States of Illinois and Indiana. from the States of Illinois and Indiana. They have deprived a large number of colored men of the right of suffrage by violent death or involuntary exile. We do not propose to tolerate that kind of defiance of the Fifteenth amendment. Where is Crumpacker?

DAILY FASHION HINTS.

GIRL'S FROCK.

A type of dress that is especially be-coming to girlish figures is here car-ried out in a stole collar and box-pleat-ed effect in waist and circular skirt The dress is Russian style of closing The dress is Russian style or closing, Additional charm is given by the employment of lace in medallion shape. The bishop sleeve is gathered into a rather deep cuff, which should be of tucked material like the yoke. The mode utable negro population in each community will rise as one man whenever a great crime is committed and aid the whites to discover the criminal and bring him to justice.

Mr. George W. Vanderbilt has ordered for all Salate Caraba et al. Sala



Sizes for 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12 years. On receipt of 10 cents this pattern will be sent to any address. All orders must be directed to THE LITTLE FOLKS PATTERN CO. 78 Fifth Avenue, New York. When ordering please do not fail to mention number.

Name.....

THE TWO VANREVELS

By BOOTH TARKINGTON. Copyright by McClure, Philips & Co.

CHAPTER VII .- (Continued). "Now that you have saved my life," said Cralley, in a low, tremulous tone, neither right nor left, Miss Betty uncon-"what are you going to do with it?" sclously made a feverish clutch at he

"Now that you have saved my life," said Cralley, in a low, tremulous tone, "what are you going to do with 157". Her eyes opened almost as widely as they had at the first sight of him in her garden. There was a long pause before she replied, and when she did it was to his considerable surprise.

"I have never seen a play, except the funny little ones we acted at the convent," she said, "but isn't that the way they speak on the stage?"

Cralley realized that his judgment of the silence had been mistaken, and yet it was with a thrill of delight that he recognized her clear reading of him. He had been too florid again.

"Let us go." His voice was soft with restrained forgiveness. "You mocked me once before."

"Mocked you?" she repeated, as they went on.

"Mocked wou?" she repeated, as they went on.

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"She waved him an uncertain farewell, and left him, his face again uplifted to the sky.

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She waved him an uncertain farewell, and left him his face

Night is the great neromancer, and strange are the fabrics he weaves; he lays queer spells; breathes so eerle an intoxication through the dusk; he can cast such glamors about a voice! He is the very king of fairyland.

Miss Betty began to walk rapidly up and down the garden paths, her head bent and her hands still pressed to her cheeks; now and then an unconsclous exclamation birst from her, incoherent, more like a gasp than a word. A long time she paced the vigil with her stirring heart, her skirts sweeping the dew from the leaning flowers. Her lips moved often, but only the confused, vehement, "Oh, oh!" came from them, until at last she paused in the middle of the garden, away from the irees, where all was open to the sparkling firmanent, and extended her arms over her head.

"O strange teacher" she said sloud.

restrained forgiveness. "You mocked me once before."

"Mocked you?" she repeated, as they went on.

"Mocked me," he said, firmly. "Mocked me for seeming theatrical, and yet you have learned that what I said was true, as you will again."

She mused upon this; then, as in whimsical indulgence to an importunate child:

"Well, tell me what you mean when you say I saved your life."

"You came alone," he began, hastily, "to stand upon that burning root—"

"Whence all but him had fied!" Her laughter rang out, interrupting him, "My room was on the fourth floor at St. Mary's, and I didn't mind climbing three flights this evening."

Crailey's good nature was always perfect. "You mock me and you mock me!" he cried, and made her laughter but part of a gay duet. "I know I have gone too fast, have said things I should have waited to say; but, ah! remember the small chance I have against the others who can see you when they like. Don't flour me because I try to make the most of a rare, stelen moment with you."

"Do!" she exclaimed, grave upon the instant. "Do make the most of! I have nothing but inexperience. Make the most by treating me seriously, won't you? I know you can, and I—I—" She faltered to a full stop. She was earnest and quiet, and there had been something in her tone, too—as very often there was—that showed how young she was. "Oh!" the began again, turning to him impulsively. "I have thought about you since that evening in the garden, and I have wished I could know you. I can't be quite clear how it happened, but even those few minutes left a number of strong impressions about you. And the strong-est was that you were one with whom I could talk of a great many things, if you would only be real when the sure why I do—that it is very difficult for you to be real; perhaps because you are so different at different times that you aren't sure yourself which the real you is. But the person that you are beginning to be for my benefit must be the most triffing of all yourselves, lighter and easier to put on than the littl

you learn this at the convent?"

"Tild you learn this at the convent?" gasped Crailey.
"There was a world there in miniature," she answered, speaking very quickly. "I think all people are made of the same materials, only in such different proportions. I think a little world might hold as much as the largest, if you thought it all out hard enough, and your experience might be just as though and deep in a small corner of the earth as anywhere else. But I don't know! I want to understand—I want to understand everything! I read books, and there are people—but no one who tell me what I want—I"

what I want-I' "Stop!" He lifted his hand. "I won't act; I shall never 'play' for you again." He was breathless; the witching silence

He was breathless; the witching silence was nothing to what stirred him now. A singular exaltation rose in him, together with the reckless impulse to speak from the mood her vehement confidence had inspired. He gave way to it.

"I know, I know," he said huskliy. "I understand all you mean, all you feel, all you wish. It is all echoing here, and here, and here!" He touched his breast, his eyes, and his forehead with the fingers of his long and slender hand. "We sigh and strain our eyes and stretch out our of his long and slender hand. " We sigh and strain our eyes and stretch out our arms in the dark, groping always for the strange blessing that is just beyond our grasp, seeking for the precious unknown that lies just over the horizon! It's what rainbow ends-only it may be there, after

cause of their delay), and an eloquent paragraph was devoted to their handsome appearance, Mr. Cummings having been one of those who insisted that the new uniforms should be worn. "Soon," said the Journal, "through the daring of the chief of the department and the captain of the hook and ladder company, one of whom placed and mounted the grappling ladder, over which he was immediately followed by the other carrying the hose, a stream was sent to play upon the devouring element, a feat of derring-do personally witnessed by a majority of our readers. Mr. Vanrevel and Mr. Gray were joined by Eugene Madrillon, Tappingham Marsh and the editor of this paper after which courted the un They stopped unconsciously, and remained standing at the lower end of the Carewe hedge. The western glow had faded: and she was gazing at him through the darkness, leaning forward, never dreaming that her tight grasp had broken the sticks of the little pink fan.

"Yes," she whispered, eagerly. "You are right; you understand!"

He went on, the words coming faster and faster: "We are haunted—you and I—by the wish to know all things, and

I-by the wish to know all things, and by the question that lies under every thought we have; the agonizing Whither? Isn't it like that? It is really death that makes us think. You are a good Catholic; you go to mass; but you wish to know. Does God reign, or did it all happen? Sometimes it seems so deadly probable that the universe just was, no God to plan it, nothing but things; that we die as sparrows die, and the brain is all the soul we have, a thing that becomes clogged and stops some day. And is that all?" -by the wish to know all things, and

She shivered slightly, but her steadfast eyes did not shift from him. He threw back his head, and his face, uplifted to the jeweled sky of the moonless night, was heatifie in its peacefulness, as he continued in an altered tone, gentle and lew:

continued in an altered tone, gentle and lew:

"I think all questions are answered there. The stars tell it all. When you them on our flag. There are times when the seems but a poor nation—boastful, corrupt, violent and preparing, as it is now, to steal another country by fraud and war, yet the stars on the flag always make me happy and confident. Do you see the constellation swinging above ussuch unimaginable vastnesses, not roving or crashing through the illimitable at haphazord, but moving in more excellent measure and to a fluer rythm than the most delicate clockwork man ever made? The great ocean liners mark our seas with their paths through the water; the fine brains of the earth are behind the ships that sall from port to port, yet how awry the system goes! When does a ship come to her harbor at an hour determined when she salled? What is a ship beside the smallest moon of the smallest world? But there above us moons worlds, suns—all the infinite clussmoons worlds, suns—all the infinite clusmoons worlds, suns—all the infini being of 10 cents this pattern will to any address. All orders must ted to THE LITTLE FOLKS to The The Third that made this one! Do you believe so inconceivably majestic an intelligence in number.

No. 4,431.

Sir Frederick Trayes, the famous English surgeon, who has just retired, extablished a record in performing 1.0.0 consecutive operations for appendicitis without a death

horse came galloping down the street

arms over her head.

"O, strange teacher," she said aloud,
"T take your beautiful stars! I shall
know how to learn from them!"
She gazed steadily upawrd, enrapt, her
eyes resplendant with their own starlight,
"Oh, stars, stars, stars!" she whisper-

ed.

In the teeth of all wizardry, Night's spells do press at sunrise; marvellous poems sink to doggerel, mighty dreams to blown ashes, and solids regain weight. Miss Betty, lwaking at daybreak saw the motes dancing in the sun at her window, and watched them with a placid, unremembering eye. She began to side,

unremembering eye. She began to stare

at them in a puzzled way, while a look of wonder slowly spread over her face,

Suddenly she sat upright, as though something had startled her. Her fingers

clenched tightly.
"Ah, if that was playing!"

over her while she read.

There were some grandiloquent head-ines: "Miss Elizabeth Carewe an Ange

There were some grandiloquent headines: "Miss Elizabeth Carewe an Anglor Mercy! Charming Belle Saves the
Lives of Five Prominent Clitzens! Her
Presence of Mind Prevents Configgration
from Wiping Out the Clity!" It may be
noted that Will Cummings, editor and
proprietor of the Journal, had written
these tributes, as well as the whole account of the evening's transactions, and
Mits Betty loomed as large in Will's narrative asyin his good and lovelorn heart.

Mits Betty loomed as large in Will's narrative asin his good and lovelorn heart. There was very little concerning the fire in the Journal; it was nearly all about Betty. That is one of the misfortunes which pursue a lady who allows an editor to fall in love with her.

However, there was a scant mention of the arrival of the Volunteers "upon the scene" (though none at all at the cause of their delay), and an eleganent

about Miss Carewe.

As Will himself admitted, he had "laid himself out on that description." One paragraph was composed of short sentences, each beginning with the word "alone." "Alone she entered the shat-

"alone." "Alone she entered the shattered door! Alone she set foot upon the first flight of stairs! Alone she accended the second! Alone she mounted the third! Alone she lifted her hand to the trap! Alone she opened it!" She was declared to have made her appearance to the unfortunate prisoners on the roof, even as "the palm-laden dove to the despairing Noah," and Will also asserted repeatedly that she was the "Heroine of the Hour!" Miss Betty blushed to see her name so blazoned forth in print; but she lacked one kind of vanity, and falled to find good reason for more than a somewhat treubled laughter, the writer's purpose was so manifestly kind, in spite of the blzarro result.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

Personal and General.

Judge William Penn Lyon, presiden of the Wisconsin State Board of Contro

for eight years, has resigned and re-moved from Milwaukee to California.

Joseph V. Quarles, United States Sen-ator for Wisconsin, is frequently seen, clad in overalls and jumper, at work on the hay-helds of his farm.

Curator Lucas, of the Washington Na-tional Museum, who recently went to Newfoundland to get a plaster cast of a whale, reports having succeeded in the undertaking.

Dr. Cleveland Abbe, Jr., recently re-turned to Washington after spending two years with Professor Julius Hann and Albert Penck in the study of the clima-tology and glacial phenomena of Eu-rope.

Elihu I. Bowman, of Glenwood, claims to have been a citizen of State longer than any other living a He went to Iowa in 1829.

\$800.000 PER YEAR is what one Baking Powder Company spends for advertising

"To-Day's Advertising Talk."

They consider it the best paying investment they can make.

It pays the stockholders immense dividends annually.

What would this baking powder company be without it's advertising? Very small, undoubtedly.

If you will make an investment each year for good advertising you will find that your business will grow beyond your expectations.

The Times-Dispatch goes to thousands of people every day, and at a time when they are planning their day's purchases.

ANIMAL STORIES FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Not So Badly Made, After All.

met on a plain by the side of the River It was a warm day, and they were both rather out of sorts and inclined to be discontented.

"I agree with you," said the Giraffe, hotly. "We were made to be perfect "Ah, if that was playing!"
CHAPTER VIII.

A TALE OF A POLITICAL DIFFERENCE.

Mr. Carewe was already at the breakfast table, but the light of his countenance, hidden behind the Rouen Journal, was not vouchsafed to his daughter when she took her place opposite him, nor did he see fit to return her mourning greeting, from which she generously concluded that the burning of the two warehouses. sights. Why, in the name of goodness, we were not made better looking I we were not made better looking I can't for the life of me see. Look at my 'tubber' neck. It's so long and ugly that I feel uneasy whenever I go out in society. Why, I can't find a place in all Egypt where I can get a collar to fit me, and, even if I could, I could not get money enough together to pay for having it washed. Everywhere I go all the rude animals vell out 'Rubber!' I ing, from which she generously concluded that the burning of the two warehouses had meant a severe loss to him.

"I am so sorry, father," she sald, gently, (She had not called him "papa" since the morning after her ball.) "I hope it isn't to be a great trouble to you." There was no response, and after waiting for some time, she spoke again, rather tremulously, yet not timidly: "Father?"

He rose, and upon his brow were marked the blackest lines of anger she had ever seen, so that she leaned back from him, startled; but he threw down the open paper before her on the table and struck it with his clenched fist.
"Read this!" he said. And he stood over her while she rend. declare I don't see why I couldn't have been made right and not had a neck l'ke a step-ladder or a flag-pole."



GUESS WE WERE NOT MADE SO

I GUESS WE WERE NOT MADE SO BADLY.

"True, true," said the Elephant, sadly; "and just look what a sight I am. It's bad enough to be covered with a hide like leather, all wrinkled and ugly, without having to have a tail put on my front end as well as my rear. What a bore it is to have to carry one's trunk around, even when not at the seashore, but in one's own home."

"I don't see," cried the Elephant, switching his pro-bo-sis angrily, "why they ever made us such frights."

But just then it was dinner time, and both were hungry.

Mr. Giraffe reached gracefully up with his long neck and took a mouthful of sweet palm fards.

"Couldn't have done that without your long neck," said Mr. Elephant.

Then he reached down and got a good wisp of rich grass and put it into his little mouth. "Couldn't have done that without your trunk," said the Giraffe.
"True," said the Elephant.

With a Comment or Two.

The Washington correspondent of the Richmond Times-Dispatch says the Republican party in Virginia is in need of a Moses. Very true, very true, and it seems to matter not whether he comes from the bulrushes or the mountains.—Blackstone Courier. ion, Tappingham Marsh and the editor of this paper, after which occurred the unfortunate accident to the long ladder, leaving the five named gentlemen in their terrible predicament, face to face with death in its most awful form. At this frightful moment—" and all the rest was about Miss Carewe.

The worth of Senator Billy Mason was not appreciated until the public had an opportunity to contrast him with his lilliputian successor, Hopkins.—Birmingham News. Then Hopkins has done some good af-

The State Press Association decided yesterday to meet again at White Stone Springs next year, which leaves many of us to inter that the management put something in the water that was calculated to hit the spot.—Greenville (S. C.) News.

There is a hint for the manager of

Ocean View. Eight negroes who went to Linton, Ind., to serve a banquet were driven out of the town by angry miners. It is coming to the point where Texas will have to lecture some of the Northern States for the unreasonable race prejudice entertained by their citizens—Dallas News.

This thing will soon grow monotonout our northern friends.

A Few Foreign Facts.

The oldest map of Rome, which is pre-served, is in the Forum Urbis, cut in 140 pieces of marble.

In Leipsic, Germany, automobiles are prohibited in the inner city and limited to streets traversed by electric cars else-where.

The Korean government has ordered that all Koreans, without regard to rank or class, should not wear clothes of a blue or dark color.

London is supposed to have 170,000 in-habitants to the square mile, but on the East Side. Manhattan, there are 345,009 people to the square mile.

St. Andrew's is the oldest Preshyterian church in South Africa, and it has for nearly seventy-five years been the garrison church for the Preshyterian solders in Cape Town. It is promosed to erect a building to seat about 1,200 people. WOODWARD & SON



LUMBER ROUGH AND DRESSED